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James B. Finley Letters

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Letter from J.W. White to James B. Finley

J.W. White

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18

Rev Amos A. Phelps

Massville

Aug

Single

Mass
Phelps

Dear Bro. Amos

Wells Jan 14. 1844

We rec yours of the 16 Dec and gave it a hearty welcome to our social hearth. Happy and thankful were we for this kind remembrance from one with whom we were associated so intimately and loved so dearly - For a moment it seemed as though we saw you and heard you. But when it came corn bread time the amount that still remained uneaten, mournfully and plainly announced that you had been and still remained absent. Well here we are in Chiraacotha hard at work fighting the devil. Our Society here is divided into two classes. The one are called the Aristocracy, a queer name for a queer set. and signifying being interpreted I had a daddy. The others are called Second class and so far as I am capable of judging they are the most sensible, virtuous, and valuable portion of this community - the men of the aristocracy are gentlemen hereditarily of course. and their women if not old, are lean, affected, and ugly. With artificial hair - teeth, brains, and backs, I confess I do not fancy them much - For though I acknowledge I am fond of some flesh I was never so partial to bones -

The State of Society is wretched - we are like a car off the track. and running with fearful speed to hell - The wars of intemperance are sweeping back upon us with all their desolating fury - The sabbaths are habitually broken & the bellowing sound of blaspheming grate upon the ear at every corner of this sin sunken city - the Laws of God and man are disregarded by officers and people, and the mass are masters of all restraint. The declarations of the demagogue have as much weight as the decisions of the judge upon the bench - While the words of a printee boy in a dogary are often as much regarded as the messages of mercy declared by the minister of God. But say you what of the church. Sir. Her excellent discipline is trod in the dust - and it is affirmed that no man can live that dares to use it. Well it may be so but I do not quite believe it. At any rate I left Hinner alive And I feel God will not let me drown while I hold on to my discipline and bible - If I do the Conference shall have the benefit of the experiment - and my loss will not be felt - We weep that instead of bowls of mercies, kindness - meekness & Charity - there is among us Anger, Wrath, Malice and every wicked and devilish thing The Lord Cometh Our rescue Speedily Amen

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We have eight churches here beside a factory patented by his
holiness the Pope of Rome where sins are forgiven for sixpence and
contumacious eased by a little penance to be taken in broken doors by the
penitent. The Episcopal Man is down upon us with a pamphlet
in which he takes the ground that Election - is Election into the church
and the Fathers (Alicia Tradition) are the best interpreters of the holy script
God willing I will attend to his case - as I did to Parson Wilson -
We have had some fifteen Conventions all in the church - and have
any quantity of unconverted members remaining - Some want to
join but the Cart is too full already but we will soon have
empty seats as I have twenty eight in a train of unloading
Trimbles is with us - and going ahead - He is a peal of thunder
roaring and pealing - and then setting in again without having
left off. Cornum is a plaintive harp well tuned. Sending out
his sweet and measured notes to charm the ear and ravish
the heart of the listener. But White Poor White Cant. Come it
I am down - don't take. Cant get hold - Can say it but it has
no point, power, or edge. I have the crowd at my church, but they
Come as sellers - God help me - I got one hand loose on Sabbath
and am struggling - The Lord Let me loose upon this wicked city
I am not discouraged for if you cannot weld cold Iron think
God you can hammer it. and I am at it in the name of God
Our Beloved Brother McLean of Kenia has gone to rest. he
died in holy triumph on last Saturday - Like Sampson he
slew more at his death than during his life - O says Life in a
letter. It was a glorious triumph of grace over death. Once grant
that his mantle may rest upon me - I shall ever embalm the
memory of this great good man - With gratitude to God that
I was ever permitted the privilege of his acquaintance - He
loved me in life, and honored me by a kind remembrance in death
We are comfortably and neatly situated, and still enjoy the
sacred sweets of family religion - O that I could say to you
that I was indeed dead unto sin and alive unto Christ - But
I feel that grace can and will perfect what grace has and
can begin - Pray for me that I may soon be lost in God
Ann is well - She is still that sensible - kind, and affectionate
wife as when you knew her. Our dear babe - is also well
She is running about, and talks like a parrot. Scarcely
no man is happier at home than myself - and while
this is the case you can't keep a man down long at a time
My health is not good - I feel that I am ripening for an
early grave - but about that I have but little concern
my business is to live and God will superintend my death

Sister Margaret has been in Columbus spending the winter
The Judge is trying to send her to the devil but cannot. By Vice
Serve God in spite of them. She is one of the best girls in the
world. Mr Jones and Sister Heirist have gone to Circleville
He is succeeding fairly as a Lawyer, but I do not admire him
he is a coarse mortal -

I wish we could see you, and have you with us
One of these winter evenings. But so it is, and all for the
best. Look out for next may there are squalls ahead
I do not envy you the glory of the coming Gen Conference. I fear
it will be a scene of strife.

Was truly glad that you are at home on your destitute. We may
both be thankful for getting out of Dayton and some other kindred
places on that district. Well fight on - a few more battles
and victory eternal shall be yours. You invite me to your
quarterly meetings I would like again to stand by your side
in a battle for the truth but it is impossible at present. I leave
my heart, heart, and hands free. Pray for me -

With Much Respect

I am - Yours obliged

Rev James B Finckley

J. W. White

Ann joins in much love to you, and requests an affectionate
remembrance to Sister Finckley. Write often -

Love

Brothers Trimbles Cornum and McLean Remember you